



FEATURING
IN THIS
ISSUE --

DRACULA!

10c

No. 12

EERIE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Draw Me!



TRY FOR A FREE \$295⁰⁰ ART COURSE!

5 PRIZES! 5 Complete \$295.00 Art Courses, including Drawing Outfits!

Imagine how you'll feel, one day soon, if you get a telegram reading "Congratulations. Your drawing wins you complete \$295.00 home study art course!"

It could happen! You've five chances to win free art training in this contest. All

you have to do is draw the girl's head, five inches high. It's an easy way to find out if you've money-making art talent, and it may start you on an exciting career! You've nothing to lose—*everything to gain.* Mail your drawing today!

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Dept. 3253

500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my attached drawing in your April contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____

State _____ Occupation _____

Amateurs Only!

Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit the lettering.

None returned. Winners notified.



DRACULA!

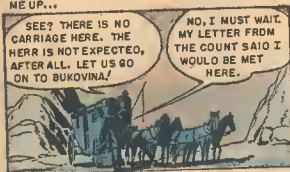


THE STRANGE TALE RELATED HEREIN HAS BEEN PIECED TOGETHER FROM THE JOURNALS OF JONATHAN HARKER, MINA MURRAY, OR. SEWARD, (DIRECTOR OF THE WHITBY LUNATIC ASYLUM) AND PROFESSOR VAN HELSING. ALTHOUGH TO SOME THEIR STORY MAY SEEM THE RAVINGS OF OISOROEROE MINOS, THOSE WHO WROTE OF IT ASK FOR NO PROOFS, ASK NONE TO BELIEVE THEM. THEY HAVE SEEN THE OREAO PEOPLE OF THE UNDEAO, THEY HAVE LIVED THROUGH THE FRIGHTFUL TERRORS CREATED BY THESE FEARFUL BEINGS, EXPERIENCED THE AWFUL HORRORS OF THE NETHERMOST PITS OF HELL. ALL THEY ASK IS THAT YOU READ WITH AN OPEN MIND OF THE THINGS THAT EVEN THEY FIND HARD TO BELIEVE, NOW THAT THE TERROR IS PAST....

FROM THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN HARKER.

PART ONE

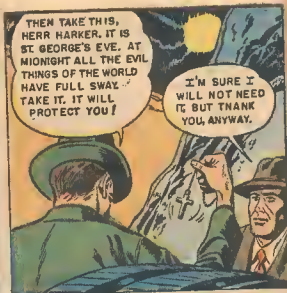
THE FIRST INKLING I HAD OF THE STRANGE AND TERRIFYING EVENTS THAT WERE ABOUT TO OVERTAKE ME CAME AS I WAITED IN BORGD PASS FOR THE CARRIAGE OF COUNT ORACULA TO PICK ME UP...



SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE BLACKNESS CAME A COAL-BLACK CARRIAGE PULLED BY COAL-BLACK HORSES AND DRIVEN BY A STRANGE-LOOKING MAN...



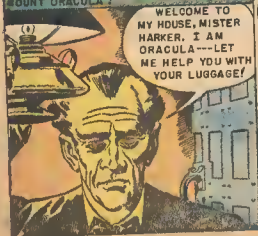
A MOMENT LATER WE GALLOPED OFF INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE PASS...



HIGH INTO THE GRIM MOUNTAINS WE ROODE, THE WIND MOANING AND WHISTLING ABOUT US. TWO HOURS LATER, WE PULLED UP IN THE COURTYARD OF A VAST, RUINED CASTLE...



BEHIND ME THE CARRIAGE RATTLED AWAY INTO A DARK PASSAGE. A MINUTE LATER THE HUGE DOOR CREAKED OPEN TO REVEAL COUNT ORACULA!



NAY, SIR, YOU ARE MY GUEST! LET ME SEE TO YOUR COMFORT MYSELF. ENTER FREELY AND OF YOUR OWN WILL!

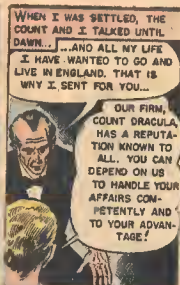
THANK YOU. THE JOURNEY HAS BEEN LONG!





COME, I WILL
TAKE YOU TO
YOUR ROOM...
LISTEN TO THE
WOLVES! THE
CHILDREN OF
THE NIGHT...
WHAT MUSIC
THEY MAKE!

TO ME IT IS
NOT MUSIC. IT
IS THE SOUND
OF EVIL!



WHEN I WAS SETTLED, THE
COUNT AND I TALKED UNTIL
DAWN... ..AND ALL MY LIFE
I HAVE WANTED TO GO AND
LIVE IN ENGLAND. THAT IS
WHY I SENT FOR YOU...

OUR FIRM,
COUNT DRACULA,
HAS A REPUTA-
TION KNOWN TO
ALL. YOU CAN
DEPEND ON US
TO HANDLE YOUR
AFFAIRS COM-
PETENTLY AND
TO YOUR ADVAN-
TAGE!



THAT IS WHY I HIRED YOU.
IT IS THERE I WISH TO SETTLE.
TELL ME OF THE HOUSE YOU
HAVE PROCURED FOR ME.

IT IS AN OLD
ESTATE CALLED
CARFAX AND IS AT
PURFLEET. IT IS
ALONE AND VERY
ANCIENT. THERE IS
ONLY ONE HOUSE
NEAR IT...A LARGE
LUNATIC ASYLUM.



GOOD. I AM GLAD IT IS
OLD AND BIG. I AM GLAD
TO HEAR THERE IS A CHAPEL
FOR THE DEAD. I WOULD...
WHY, IT IS MORNING! I
MUST LEAVE...AND YOU
MUST BE TIRED. GOOD
NIGHT, SIR.

...ER, GOOD
NIGHT, COUNT
DRACULA.



I SLEPT THROUGH THE DAY...THE NEXT
EVENING, AS I WAS SHAVING...

GOOD EVENING,
MY FRIEND!

MUH!...
OH!



I'VE CUT MYSELF...
STRANGER! THERE
IS NO REFLECTION
OF THE COUNT IN
THE GLASS!

AS I TURNED TO FACE THE COUNT, A STRANGE THING
HAPPENED! HIS EYES BLAZING WITH DEMONIC FURY, HE
GRABBED FOR MY THROAT!



I...I'D BETTER
GET SOME STICKING
PLASTER. I-

BUT HIS HAND TOUCHED THE CRUCIFIX I WORE, AND THE FURY WAS GONE IN AN INSTANT...

TAKE CARE HOW YOU CUT YOURSELF. IT IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU THINK IN THIS COUNTRY!

IT—IT IS NOTHING!

AND THIS IS THE WRETCHED THING THAT HAS DONE IT! AWAY WITH IT! IT IS A FOUL BAUBLE OF MAN'S VANITY! I KEEP NO MIRRORS IN THIS HOUSE!

MY MIRROR!

FOR MANY NIGHTS THE COUNT AND I WORKED OVER HIS PAPERS. THEN ONE EVENING...

IT MUST BE A THOUSAND FEET TO THE BOTTOM. I MUST GO OUTSIDE AND SEE IF THERE IS A WAY DOWN!

BUT WHEN I TRIED TO GO OUTSIDE, I FOUND EVERY DOOR LOCKED!

DOORS! DOORS! HUNDREDS OF THEM AND ALL LOCKED. I AM A PRISONER!

THAT EVENING I STARED OUT OF MY WINDOW AT THE TERRIBLE DROP, WONDERING IF I WOULD EVER BE ABLE TO LEAVE!

WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN INTO? WHAT IS THE MYSTERY BEHIND THE COUNT? I MUST—IT IS HE!

HE... HE IS CRAWLING DOWN THE WALL LIKE A LIZARD! WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE IN SEMBLANCE OF MAN IS HE?

FILLED WITH HORROR, I RAN THROUGH THE DARK, TERROR-FILLED HALLS OF THE GRIN PILE...

I MUST GET OUT! I MUST GET AWAY!

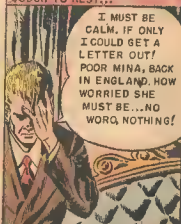
SOMENOW I GOT INTO A DISUSED
PASSAGE, AND AT THE TOP OF
THE CRUMBLING STAIRWAY...



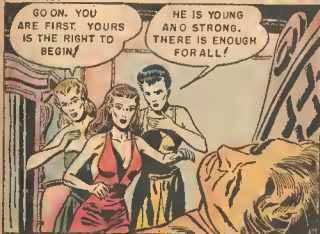
BUT IT LED ONLY TO A SUITE OF
ROOMS THAT MUST HAVE BEEN
OCCUPIED BY THE LADIES IN
BYGONE DAYS...



MY FRANTIC RACE THROUGH
THE GRIM RUIN HAD EXHAUSTED
ME. SPENT, I SANK DOWN ON A
COUCH TO REST...



I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP, BUT WHAT I SAW WAS
STARTLINGLY REAL. IT CANNOT HAVE BEEN TRUE
SLEEP...



FROM BENEATH MY LASHES I SAW THE
FAIR-HAIRED GIRL KNEEL BY MY SIDE.
HER SHARP, WHITE TEETH BRUSHED MY
THROAT...



AT THAT MOMENT...



HOW DARE YOU
TOUCH HIM? ANY
OF YOU! I TELL YOU
ALL, THIS MAN BELONGS
TO ME! BEWARE HOW
YOU MEDDLE WITH
HIM OR YOU'LL DEAL
WITH DRACULA!

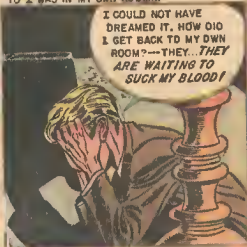
YOU! YOU HAVE
NEVER LOVED!





YES, I CAN LOVE.
THINK OF THE PAST---
I PROMISE YOU WHEN
I AM DONE WITH HIM
HE SHALL BE YOURS---
NOW GO! THERE'S
WORK TO BE
DONE!

THE HORROR FINALLY OVERCAME ME AND
I SANK BACK, UNCONSCIOUS. WHEN I CAME
TO I WAS IN MY OWN ROOM...

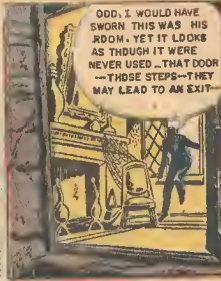


I COULD NOT HAVE
DREAMED IT. HOW DID
I GET BACK TO MY OWN
ROOM?---THEY...THEY
ARE WAITING TO
SUCK MY BLOOD!

IN THE NEXT DAYS
THE COUNT DUES-
TIONED ME ABOUT
ENGLAND--- ITS
CUSTOMS, ITS
PEOPLE, THE
LANGUAGE. I
SHUDDERED! I
WAS HELPING TO
TRANSFER HIM
TO LONDON, WHERE
HE MIGHT SATIATE
HIS SLEDDO LUST
AND CREATE AN
EVER-WIDENING
CIRCLE OF SEMI-
DEPENDENTS TO FATTEN
ON THE HELPLESS!



THE THOUGHT DROVE ME TO EVEN MORE
FRENZIED EFFORTS TO ESCAPE. ONE DAY
I CLIMBED DOWN TO DRACULA'S OWN
ROOM--- PERHAPS IN
THE ROOM HE CAME
OUT OF I MIGHT FIND
A KEY TO THE
GREAT DOOR---



ODD, I WOULD HAVE
SWORN THIS WAS HIS
ROOM. YET IT LOOKS
AS THOUGH IT WERE
NEVER USED...THAT DOOR
--THOSE STEPS--THEY
MAY LEAD TO AN EXIT---

BUT IT LED, INSTEAD, TO THE VAULTS BELOW
THE CASTLE--THE GRAVEYARD OF THE
DRACULAS...



THAT ODOR... IT IS
THE ODOR OF DEATH---
BUT I MUSTN'T GO
BACK! THERE MIGHT
BE SOME WAY OUT
OF HERE...

I APPROACHED THE COFFIN! A HORRIBLE SIGHT
MET MY EYES---



DRACULA! LYING
THERE LIKE A BLOATED
LEECH! AND I-- I AM
TO HELP HIM!



I'LL RIDE THE
WORLD OF THIS
MONSTER IF IT'S
THE LAST THING
I DO!

BUT AS I BROUGHT THE SHOVEL DOWN, HIS FACE
TURNED TOWARD ME! SUCH A LOOK OF MALICE AND
EVIL I HAVE NEVER SEEN!



AAAAHHH! NO!



NO! NO! I CAN'T
BEAR IT... I CAN'T
BEAR IT!

WHEN I HAD NEGATIVE CONTROL I RAN TO
MY ROOM. I STAYED THERE UNTIL THE
NEXT DAY. A NEW SHOCK AWAITED ME---
THE COUNT WAS BEING MOVED!



HELP! HELP!
YOU MUST LISTEN!
HELP!



THEY DON'T HEAR
ME... OR THEY WON'T
HEAR ME... THE
COUNT IS GOING TO
ENGLAND! AND I
CAN'T STOP HIM!

THEY ARE GONE---
HE DIDN'T KILL ME!
HE LEFT ME HERE---
WHY?

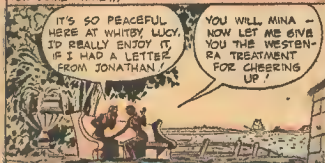


SUDDENLY, I KNEW WHY...
HIS PROMISE! I AM
ALONE WITH THOSE DEMON
WOMEN! THOSE DEVILS OF
THE PIT! WHAT SHALL
I DO?...
7

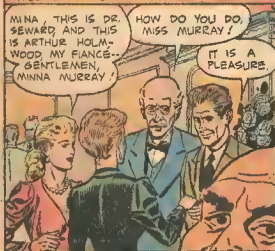
PART TWO

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MINA MURRAY...

MY VACATION HERE AT WHITBY WITH THE WESTENRAS HAS BEEN WONDERFUL, BUT SOMEHOW I AM WORRIED--I HAVE HAD NO WORD FROM JONATHAN FOR SOME TIME...



THE PARTY WAS GREAT FUN, AND FOR A WHILE I FORGOT MY FEARS...



AND THIS IS QUINCY MORRIS, A FRIEND FROM AMERICA...QUINCY MEET MINA MURRAY!

GLAD TO MEET YOU, MISS MURRAY! MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF THE NEXT DANCE?



THIS EVENING, AFTER THE PARTY, I WENT TO LUCY'S ROOM TO TELL HER HOW MUCH FUN I HAD. WHEN...



LOCKED? BUT, WHY?



NOW! NOW! SHE'LL BE SAFE. DON'T WORRY. I'LL TALK TO HER IN THE MORNING!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, A STRANGE OCCURRENCE TOOK PLACE THAT DROVE EVERYTHING ELSE FROM MY MIND...

ISN'T THAT SHIP BEHAVING QUEERLY? WHAT IS SHE?

SEEMS TO BE A RUSSIAN. WHO-EVER IS STEERING HER DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN MIND. DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW WHETHER HE IS COMING OR GOING!



AS I LOOKED THROUGH THE GLASSES A SEARCHLIGHT SWEEPED OVER THE VESSEL. WHAT I SAW BROUGHT A CRY OF FRIGHT TO MY LIPS...



IF I WERE THEM I'D GET TO PORT IN A HURRY! THIS STILL, QUIET WEATHER GIVES ME THE CREEPS. SOMETHING IS BREWING.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE AIR. SOMETHING THAT TASTES, SOUNDS AND LOOKS LIKE... DEATH.



A FEW MINUTES LATER ONE OF THE GREATEST STORMS EVER TO HIT THIS AREA AROSE WITH TERRIBLE SUDDENNESS... LUCY AND I TOOK REFUGE IN THE COAST GUARD STATION...

LOOK! THAT SHIP WE SAW-- IT'S SINKING.

SHE'LL NEVER REACH THE HARBOR IN THIS HURRICANE!



MAY I BORROW THOSE GLASSES?

SHE SEEMS TO BE HEADING RIGHT, NOW! MAYBE SHE WILL MAKE IT, AFTER ALL!



IT WAS A DEAD MAN LASHED TO THE WHEEL! IT'S A DERELICT! YET IT IS COMING INTO THE HARBOR AS THOUGH ACTUALLY GUIDED BY A LIVING HAND-- AND IN THIS STORM!



THEN, AS WE WATCHED, THE SHIP RUSHED ACROSS THE HARBOR TOWARD THE SHORE AS IF DRIVEN BY AN UNSEEN FORCE...



A MOMENT LATER SHE FITCHED ONTO THE ROCKY SHORE WITH A TREMENDOUS CRASH!



THEN, AS WE WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT, A STILL STRANGER THING TOOK PLACE: AN IMMENSE BLACK DOG LEAPT FROM THE STRICKEN VESSEL'S SIDE...



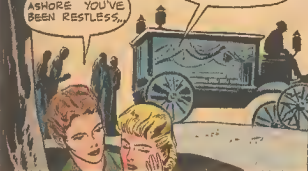
AND, UNERRINGLY, RAN UP THE SIDE OF WHITBY CLIFF TO DIS-APPEAR IN THE GRAVEYARD ABOVE!



NEXT DAY THE TOWN TALKED OF NOTHING BUT THE WRECK. LUCY AND I SAW THE FUNERAL OF THE STRANGER, THE ONLY ONE ABOARD THE MYSTERIOUS VESSEL...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LUCY? EVER SINCE THAT SHIP WAS DRIVEN ASHORE YOU'VE BEEN RESTLESS...

RESTLESS? I? I.. I'M ALL RIGHT. I GUESS IT'S JUST THE EXCITEMENT!



POOR FELLOW, I WONDER WHO HE WAS? SOMEHOW I FEEL SO SORRY FOR HIM...

I'M AFRAID WE SHALL NEVER KNOW. THIS IS ANOTHER OF THOSE UNSOLVABLE MYSTERIES OF THE SEA... LET'S GO HOME, DEAR.



TONIGHT SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT FEIGHTENED ME TERRIBLY. I AWOKED TO HEAR THE DOOR CLOSE. LOOKING OUT MY WINDOW I SAW LUCY GOING DOWN THE ROAD IN HER NIGHTSOWN...

I MUST BRING HER BACK!

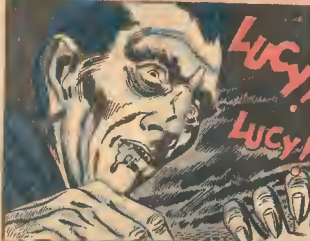


I RACED AFTER HER CATCHING UP WITH HER AT THE BENCH NEAR WHITBY GRAVEYARD...

THERE SHE IS! ...WHAT'S THAT BENDING OVER HER?



AS I GOT CLOSER, I SAW IT, WITH ITS WHITE FACE AND RED GLEAMING EYES! I CALLED TO HER IN FRIGHT...



"BUT WHEN I REACHED HER IT WAS GONE!"

LUCY! LUCY!
YOU MUST WAKE UP! YOU MUST!



HOW I GOT HER HOME I'LL NEVER KNOW, BUT SOMEHOW I DID...

THANK YOU, MINA, PROMISE ME ONE THING, DON'T TELL MOTHER ABOUT THIS.. SHE HAS A BAD HEART YOU KNOW!

I.. ALL RIGHT, LUCY, I WON'T! NOW YOU MUST GET SOME SLEEP!

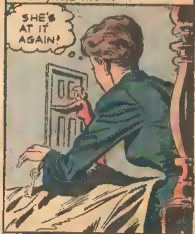


WHAT A NIGHT.. I...I ACTUALLY THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING BENDING OVER HER.. SHOWS WHAT THE IMAGINATION CAN DO-I WONDER HOW LUCY SCRATCHED HER THROAT? MUST HAVE BEEN THE PIN IN THE SHAWL...

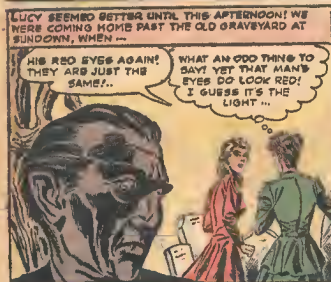
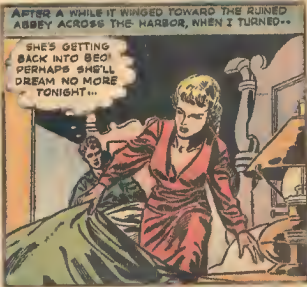


THE NEXT DAY I MOVED INTO LUCY'S ROOM! FOR A WEEK ALL WAS WELL! THEN, ONE NIGHT...

SHE'S AT IT AGAIN!



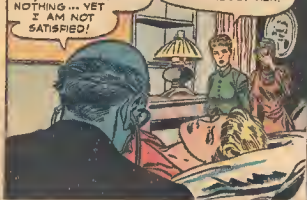
LUCKY I'VE GOT THE KEY... UGH! LOOK AT THAT HUGE BAT! HOW HORRIBLE!...



THE NEXT DAY IN SPITE OF LUCY'S PROTESTS, I CALLED IN DR. SEWARD...

UNUSUAL, VERY UNUSUAL! I FIND NOTHING WRONG WITH HER, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING... YET I AM NOT SATISFIED!

I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN, DOCTOR! I FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT HER!



SHE SEEMS TO BE SUFFERING FROM ANEMIA, HOWEVER I SHALL KEEP CLOSE WATCH OVER HER! I SHALL ALSO CALL UPON DR. VAN HELSING OF AMSTERDAM TO DIAGNOSE HER CASE! HE IS THE WORLD'S BEST!

THANK YOU, DR. SEWARD! I KNOW YOU WILL HELP HER...



IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS LUCY SEEMED TO RECOVER COMPLETELY! THEN CAME NEWS THAT DROVE EVERYTHING ELSE OUT OF MY MIND... WORD OF JONATHAN!

IT SAYS HE HAS HAD SOME FEARFUL SHOCK... THAT HE WAS BROUGHT IN RAVING OF WOLVES, GHOSTS AND DEMONS, POISON AND BLOOD... OH, I MUST GO TO HIM AT ONCE!

A FEW DAYS LATER FOUND ME AT JONATHAN'S BEDSIDE! I COULD SEE HIS SUFFERING MUST HAVE BEEN GREAT...

OH, LUCY, THIS LETTER IS FROM THE HOSPITAL OF ST JOSEPH IN BUDAPEST! JONATHAN HAS BEEN THERE NEARLY SIX WEEKS, SUFFERING FROM BRAIN FEVER!

POOR JONATHAN!

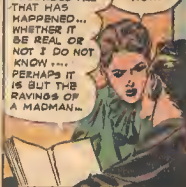


OF COURSE!



MINA, IN THIS BOOK I HAVE RECORDED ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED... WHETHER IT BE REAL OR NOT I DO NOT KNOW... PERHAPS IT IS BUT THE RAVINGS OF A MADMAN...

NO, JONATHAN, NO...



THE SECRET IS HERE AND I WANT YOU TO HOLD IT, KEEP IT, READ IT IF YOU WILL, BUT NEVER LET ME KNOW... UNTIL SOME SOLEMN DUTY SHOULD CALL ME BACK TO THOSE BITTER HOURS...

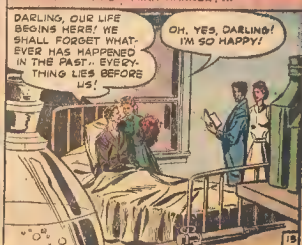
I WILL, JONATHAN!



THIS AFTERNOON, JONATHAN AND I WERE MARRIED! I AM THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD! I AM NOW MINA HARKER!...

DARLING, OUR LIFE BEGINS HERE! WE SHALL FORGET WHATEVER HAS HAPPENED IN THE PAST... EVERYTHING LIES BEFORE US!

OH, YES, DARLING! I'M SO HAPPY!



THE MAN WHO COULD READ MINDS!

Lucius (The Great) Lucas was a mental telepathist. Though he was very successful as a campy attraction, he was an arrogant, egotistic little man—homely, thin, and distinctly unpleasant. He made his living purporting to read people's minds. Actually, Lucius was a fake. He had a plant in his audience and usually had a thorough biography on any person who came before him.

The way it worked was this. Lucius' assistant, a sly cripple named Tony, did the proper research and tipped Lucas off as to which clients he should take. Then Tony told Lucius whatever was necessary through a pair of earphones located in Lucius' giant Hindu turban. Tony specialized in juicy town gossip and as a consequence, Lucius' revelations about each customer's past always brought an astonished gasp from the audience who paid 75¢ apiece to watch Lucius read the human mind! Altogether a neat little con stunt. Really, Lucius wouldn't know what to do without Tony. Without Tony, he could—(no pun intended)—lose his mind!

But Tony knew this—and hesitated very little about hurting Lucius' feelings. Tony enjoyed taunting Lucius, calling him a great phoney—and threatening to take off

and never come back to his employ. Other times he angered Lucius in the extreme, by threatening to expose Lucius as a fake—and thereby become the instrument of Lucius' disgrace and destruction. Lucius would be sure to wind up in jail!

Lucius was trapped—and he knew it. He couldn't stand living with Tony under the same tent. And yet—he couldn't live without him, either. It was quite a nasty little dilemma. But one night, the problem got solved. Not pleasantly. But solved, in any case. Tony got blind drunk, as was his wont after closing Saturday night—and began to mock Lucius about exposing Lucius to the world. "I'm goin' right down to the cops an' I'm tellin' 'em how you handwink the people!"



Tony tore out of the tent into the driving rain that had been falling all night. Lucius, his heart pounding, raced after Tony, shouting that he'd kill him if he didn't come back! But Tony laughed and stumbled into the woods as a short cut to town. Lucius followed close on his heels. His rage was so great, he pulled a pen knife from his pocket and launched himself

through the air at Tony. He brought Tony down—and in an access of blind hatred stabbed the screaming cripple again and again with the short knife. Tony shrieked like a stuck pig and rolled over the ground with Lucius. Lucius' head struck a tree trunk and suddenly everything went black.

When he came to, his head was throbbing, the rain was padding down on his face and Tony was lying dead beside him. His mind cleared in an instant. He ran back to the tent, grabbed a shovel, and returned to the woods. An hour later, Tony was buried—and Lucius was minus an assistant. But that was all right with him. He'd have to clear out anyway. On the other hand, the campy people knew Tony often threatened Lucius about running out on him. Maybe they'd think Tony had finally made good his threat! Lucius smiled.

But a strange thing happened when he got back to campy wagons and told the manager that Tony had run off. He saw the sneer on the manager's face—but he also saw MORE than the sneer. He saw the manager's MIND! He saw him THINKING. "This little fake is all washed up without Tony! Tony helped him with his cheap, mind-reading stunt!" Lucius was shocked! He thought wildly! That BLOW to his head!—Then he'd struck the tree trunk!—It had DONE something to his brain! Lucius repeated the manager's thought aloud...every word of it! The manager stared at him. "H-How did you know I thought THAT?" he gasped. Lucius smiled:

"I read your mind! Didn't you know reading minds was my BUSINESS?"

On his way back to his tent he met the ringmaster. The ringmaster was thinking: "Here comes that little rat, Lucius! I hate the sight of him!" So Lucius stopped the ringmaster and repeated aloud, mockingly, what the ringmaster had thought of him. The ringmaster turned pale. It was on the level—Lucius the Great **COULD** read minds!

That's the turn fortune took. Lucius had murdered a man, suffered a blow on the head, and somehow—he knew not how—he'd become a **GENUINE** mind reader! Lucius was oow in his glory. The dawn of a new career stretched before him! This was his reward for murdering Tony! Fame, fortune...anything in the world he wanted!

The crowds flocked in droves to Lucius' tent. He read each mind thoroughly—and without any help—except from his own brain cells! His reputation spread. One day, the police chief of a town came to Lucius and invited him to read the mind of a criminal held for murder in the city jail. Lucius sat in the same cell with the accused, concentrated hard, and in an hour formed a complete picture of the way the accused had murdered his victim, where he hid the money, and where he buried the murder weapon! The police chief checked Lucius' story and sure enough, it was all as Lucius had said!

Lucius' fame spread from one end of the country to the other. He quit the carnival days and all the manager's pleas. Lucius was a success.

He could earn fantastic sums of money outside! He was hired by rich men to read the minds of their business competitors. By jealous men to find out what their wives were thinking. By criminals to learn the combination of victims' safes. Lucius didn't care who employed him as long as they paid him his price. Lucius was in a fair way to become the richest, most, notorious man in the world. He even turned to blackmailing to build his fortune!

But Lucius wasn't the only evil man in the world. At the other end of town, living in a dirty, evil-smelling, slum flophouse, was a half-demented gangster named Joe Roca. Roca had a gun and a trigger finger...but he had no mind to figure out big jobs. One night, there came a knock on Roca's door. Joe flung open the cracked portal and there stood a small man in the darkness who asked Joe if he wouldn't like to make \$1,000,000 fast from one stickup. Joe saw nothing wrong with this and went along with the stranger.

Lucius, dressed in a fancy velvet dressing gown and silk slippers, was just putting another ten thousand dollars into his large house vault when he heard a step behind him. There stood two masked men. One, Joe Roca, had a gun. "Open that safe or I'll kill you," soapped Roca. But Lucius, the money in his hand, was busy reading Joe Roca's mind.

Roca's mind was thinking: "I hope Lucius doesn't realize this gun isn't loaded. He could go for his own gun and kill me. He mustn't know my

gun isn't loaded."

Lucius grinned to himself. He had this fool! Instead of obeying Roca, Lucius lunged for the gun in his desk drawer, leering "I can read your mind, you idiot! Your gun **isn't** loaded! Pull your trigger! Who cares!"

Whereupon the Snarling Roca **PULLED** his trigger and the gun went off—A scabbing orange flame caught Lucius in the chest and he fell, mortally wounded! Roca's accomplice ran off, but the police trapped the stupid killer, Roca, outside, cornered him, clubbed him into submission, and carried him off in a straight-jacket. As Lucius took his last breathe of life, he was astonished to hear a policeman say that Roca was completely mad—an escapee from a lunatic asylum! With a groan, Lucius realized his mistake! He **HAD** read Roca's mind correctly—but Roca's mind was the mind of an **IDIOT**! To Roca's imbecile mind—his gun **WASN'T** loaded—when it **WAS**! Lucius moaned once and died. But the police were puzzled. What about the other man? The man who had come to Roca with the proposition to rob Lucius? He had seemingly disappeared into the night! An hour later, a man, cowering across the woods near the slum grounds, saw a pale, limping figure, ghostly white from top to toe, pass before him and disappear into the ground! The witness had just left a bar, so he figured he was seeing things. He walked along, muzzering, "Funny what your mind can imagine! A mind plays tricks..."

PART THREE

FROM THE JOURNAL OF DR SEWARD, AFTER MINNA'S DEPARTURE LUCY SEEMED TO GROW WORSE. VAN HELSING FINALLY ARRIVED AND ORDERED AN IMMEDIATE BLOOD TRANSFUSION, BUT TO NO AVAIL...WHEN HE WAS DONE HE EXAMINED HER. IT WAS THEN HE SAW THE MARKS ON HER THROAT...

GOTT IN HIMMEL! I AM AFRAID I AM TOO LATE! HOW LONG HAS SHE HAD THESE WOUNDS?

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS NOW, PROFESSOR VAN HELSING. WE COULD NOT ACCOUNT FOR THEM...

THERE IS LITTLE I CAN DO TONIGHT I'LL TELL THE STORY. I THINK YOU HAD BETTER SUMMON HER FIANCE.

VERY WELL, I WILL DO SO IMMEDIATELY... POOR LUCY!

WHEN I RETURNED WITH ARTHUR, LUCY SEEMED TO HAVE CHANGED IN SOME SUBTLE MANNER...

LUCY, DARLING --I-- HUH!

DON'T KISS! NOT FOR YOUR LIVING SOUL AND HERS!

ARTHUR! OH, MY LOVE, I AM SO GLAD YOU HAVE COME! KISS ME! LUCY!



THAT NIGHT WE BOTH KEPT VIGIL. NEAR MID-NIGHT A CRY FROM VAN HELSING BROUGHT ME TO LUCY'S BED...

GOOD LORD! THE WOUNDS HAVE DISAPPEARED!

YES! SHE IS DYING! GET HOLMWOOD, QUICKLY!



ARTHUR, HE WAS RIGHT. HE IS MY TRUE FRIEND AND YOURS... GUARD HIM, PROFESSOR AND GIVE ME PEACE... UNHH!

IT IS OVER. SHE IS DEAD!



AH, WELL, POOR GIRL, THERE IS PEACE FOR HER AT LAST. IT IS THE END!

NOT SO, ALAS, NOT SO. IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!



A WEEK AFTER LUCY'S BURIAL STRANGE EVENTS BEGAN TO TAKE PLACE IN WHITBY...

SO SOON! SO SOON! SEE, IT SAYS EACH OF THE CHILDREN ATTACKED HAD TINY HOLES IN THEIR THROATS!

LIKE THE ONE'S IN LUCY'S THROAT! WHAT CAN BE DOING IT?



WHITBY MYSTERY CHILDREN ATTACKED BY MYSTERIOUS LADY

THEY WERE MADE
BY MISS LUCY!

DR. VAN HELSING,
ARE YOU MAD?



NO, MY FRIEND IF WHAT
I THINK IS TRUE IT SHALL
BE PROVED THIS VERY
NIGHT! THIS IS THE KEY
THAT LOCKS HER TOMB.
WE SHALL GO THERE,
IF YOU DARE!

I... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO SAY... VERY
WELL, I WILL
GO!



THAT NIGHT I ACCOMPANIED
VAN HELSING ON HIS STRANGE
AND FRIGHTENING MISSION...

BE AS QUIET AS YOU CAN,
IF WE SHOULD BE FOUND
IT WOULD BE
HARD TO EXPLAIN.



THERE IS THE WESTENRA
TOMB. SOON YOU WILL HAVE
PROOF OF WHAT I THINK--
THE PROOF OF WHAT YOU
ARE AFRAID
TO BELIEVE!



IT IS EMPTY! SOON YOU WILL
I DO NOT -- SOON YOU
UNDER- WILL KNOW OF
STAND! THE TERRIBLE
THING THAT HAS
TAKEN LUCY AND
HANGS OVER ALL
OF US!



OPENING THE OLD TOMB VAN
HELSEING WENT STRAIGHT TO
LUCY'S COFFIN AND SET TO
WORK ON IT...

PERHAPS--BUT
IT MUST BE DONE
COME HERE AND
LOOK!



WHEN I HAVE RESEALED
THE COFFIN WE SHALL GO
OUTSIDE AND HIDE. THEN
YOU WILL SEE WHAT
YOU WILL SEE!



RELOCKING THE TOMB
WE HID BEHIND A
GRAVESTONE...SOON...

GOOD
GOD! IT'S
LUCY!

WAIT!
IT'S QUIET!

I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND.
SHE MUST
BE DEAD!

YOU MUST BE
PATIENT A
LITTLE LONGER.
TOMORROW
NIGHT BRING
HOLMWOOD AND
QUINCY MORRIS TO
MY ROOMS AND I
WILL EXPLAIN
ALL!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...WHAT HE TOLD
US WAS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE...

IMPOSSIBLE! GENTLEMEN, I ASSURE
YOU IT IS SO! LUCY IS
OF THE UNDEAD! IF SHE
IS NOT PUT TO REST
THERE IS NO TELLING
WHAT SHE MAY DO!

SHE IS A
VAMPIRE!

TAKE CARE, SIR.
TAKE CARE WHAT
YOU SAY ABOUT
LUCY!

PLEASE BELIEVE
ME. I WOULD NOT
HURT YOU...DR.
SEWARD HAS AL-
READY SEEN, NOW
I WOULD PROVE
IT TO YOU!

HOW?

BY COMING WITH
ME TO HER TOMB
AND OPENING HER
COFFIN. IF SHE IS
DEAD THERE CAN
BE NO HARM TO
HER...BUT IF
SHE IS NOT...

I DON'T
KNOW.
WHAT TO
BELIEVE!
ALL RIGHT,
I'LL GO!
I'LL GO!

ONCE AGAIN WE ENTERED LUCY'S
TOMB AND ONCE AGAIN THE
COFFIN WAS EMPTY...

GIVE ME YOUR
WORD! THIS IS
NOT OF YOUR
DOING?

I SWEAR
TO YOU BY ALL
THAT IS HELD
SACRED THAT
I HAVE NOT
TOUCHED HER!

SEALING UP THE COFFIN, VAN HELSING
LED US OUTSIDE WHERE HE DID AN ODD
THING...

WHAT ARE YOU
PUTTING OVER THE
DOOR CRACKS, PRO-
FESSOR?

GARLIC
FLOWERS. THE
UNDEAD CAN-
NOT PASS THEM.
I HAVE CLOSED
THE TOMB TO HER.
NOW LET US HIDE
...TIME IS
SHORT.

ONCE MORE WE HID AND WAITED! SOON...

LOOK! SHE COMES AND SHE HAS A CHILDO WITH HER!

GOOD LORD! IT IS LUCY!

COME, FOLLOW ME!

ARRGH!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

WITH NERVES OF IRON, VAN HELSING FACED THE AWFUL CREATURE...

BACK! BACK! CREATURE OF THE UNDEAD!

BUT INSTEAD SHE HELD HER ARMS OUT TO ARTHUR WHO ADVANCED AS THOUGH IN A TRANCE...

COME TO ME, ARTHUR! LEAVE THESE OTHERS AND COME TO ME! MY ARMS ARE HUNGRY FOR YOU!

I COME, LUCY... I COME...

NO! NO! YOU SHALL NOT HAVE HIM!

AAHH!

HOLDING THE CRUCIFIX WITH ONE HAND, VAN HELSING QUICKLY REMOVED A STRAND OF THE GARLIC FLOWERS...

NOW YOU HAVE SEEN AS SEWARD AND I HAVE SEEN! DO YOU BELIEVE?

YES, YES! DO, AS YOU WILL, MY FRIEND! SUCH HORROR MUST BE KEPT FROM THE WORLD!

THE CHILD IS STILL ALIVE!

GOOD! LET US TAKE IT TO A HOSPITAL! WE CAN DO NO MORE UNTIL TOMORROW!

AT MIDNIGHT THE FOLLOWING DAY WE ENTERED THE UNHOLY TOMB ONCE MORE! THIS TIME WE FOUND LUCY IN HER COFFIN...

IS THIS REALLY LUCY'S BODY, OR ONLY A DEMON IN HER SHAPE?

IT IS HER BODY AND YET IT IS NOT! BUT WAIT A WHILE, AND YOU WILL SEE HER AS SHE WAS, AND IS!

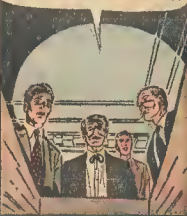


THIS IS WHAT WE MUST DO! WE MUST DRIVE THIS STAKE THROUGH HER HEART, ELSE SHE WILL NEVER FIND REST!



OH, NO!

IT MUST BE DONE! IF WE ARE TO HALT THE EVIL POWER OF THE UNDEAD WE MUST DO IT! IF ONLY TO SAVE THE LITTLE ONES WHO HAVE COME UNDER HER POWER, READ THE PRAYER OF THE DEAD!



WITH NERVES OF IRON VAN HELSING SENT TO HIS AWFUL TASK AS WE CHANTED THE SOLEMN PRAYER...

ASHES TO ASHES AND DUST TO DUST...



A MOMENT AND IT WAS DONE! VAN HELSING REELING BACK ALMOST FAINING...



I CAN'T BEAR IT! I CAN'T BEAR IT!

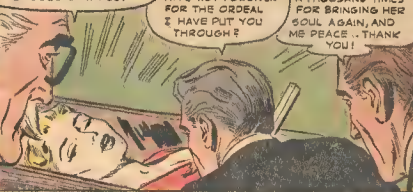


LOOK! LOOK IN THE COFFIN!

SHE IS AT PEACE AT LAST! HER SOUL IS AT REST!

AND NOW ARTHUR, AM I NOT FORGIVEN FOR THE ORDEAL I HAVE PUT YOU THROUGH?

YES! YES! THANK YOU A THOUSAND TIMES FOR BRINGING HER SOUL AGAIN, AND ME PEACE... THANK YOU!



QUICKLY WE SEALED UP THE COFFIN AND LEFT THE TOMB...

THANK GOODNESS, OUR WORK IS DONE!

NO! ONLY ONE STEP IS DONE! THERE REMAINS A GREATER TASK! TO FIND THE AUTHOR OF ALL THIS HORROR AND TO STAMP HIM OUT!



PART FOUR

THE JOURNAL OF DR. SEWARD CONTINUED...

ON THE URGENT SUMMONS OF DR. VAN HELSING, THE HARKERS HAVE BEEN CALLED TO WHITBY TO MEET WITH US! ON THEIR ARRIVAL JONATHAN IMMEDIATELY SHOWED THE DOCTOR THE DIARY HE HAD KEPT DURING HIS TERRIBLE SOJOURN AT THE CASTLE DRACULA!



THAT NIGHT WE ALL MET IN THE LIBRARY AT HOLMSWOOD'S HOUSE FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR...

FRIENDS, WE ARE FACED WITH A DREADFUL OUTRY FROM WHICH WE DARE NOT SHRINK! WE MUST DESTROY THIS CREATURE OF THE UNDEAD! ARE YOU WITH ME?

YES, DOCTOR VAN HELSING, ALL OF US ARE WITH YOU TO THE DEATH!



FROM THE FACTS IN MISTER HARKER'S JOURNAL, WE HAVE LEARNED SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE! COUNT DRACULA IS HERE AT THE CARFAX ESTATE!

THEN, WE HAVE HIM! THAT IS IF WE CAN BE DESTROYED!

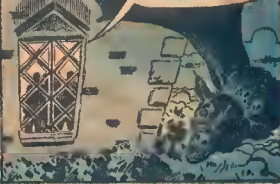


HE CAN BE DESTROYED JUST AS WE -- WE DESTROYED THAT -- OTHER! TOMORROW WE SHALL VISIT CARFAX AND AS HE LIES SLUMBERING IN HIS COFFIN --



IT WAS JUST A BIG BAT!

OH! I- I'VE BEEN HEARING SO MANY STRANGE STORIES LATELY THAT I'VE DEVELOPED A HORROR OF THE THINGS! SORRY I STARTLED YOU SO!



IT IS GETTING LATE AND I SUGGEST WE ALL RETIRE! THE HARKERS MUST HAVE HAD A TRYING DAY AND WE ALL NEED REST FOR WHAT IS BEFORE US TOMORROW!

SPLENDID IDEA! GOOD NIGHT, EVERYONE!

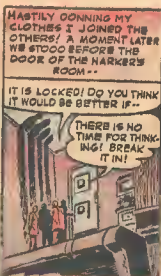


THAT NIGHT I SLEPT BADLY! AT TWO O'CLOCK I WAS STARTLED BY DR. VAN HELSING SHAKING ME INTO WAKEFULNESS...

DR. VAN HELSING! WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS ANYTHING WRONG?

I DON'T KNOW! THAT BAT HAS ME WORRIED! I FEAR FOR THE HARKERS!





WHAT WE SAW IN THE ROOM MADE OUR HAIR STAND ON END AND OUR HEARTS STAND STILL!

DRACULA!



SO! YOU WOULD MATCH YOUR BRAINS AGAINST MINE! YOU WOULD HUNT ME AND FRUSTRATE ME IN MY DESIGN!

FOOLS!

BACK! BACK!



YOU THINK TO BAFFLE ME, BUT YOU WILL BE SORRY! MY REVENGE IS JUST BEGUN! YOU SHALL ALL BE MY CREATURES AND DO MY BIDDING AS THIS GIRL WILL!

BACK, I SAY, THING OF FOULNESS!



SUDDENLY THE MOONLIGHT WAS GONE BENEATH A GREAT BLACK CLOUD AND BY THE TIME THE LIGHTS WERE PUT ON THE COUNT WAS GONE --

WHERE IS HE?

LOOK! THAT VAPOR DISAPPEARING BENEATH THE WINDOW! HE HAS ESCAPED AGAIN!



HE IS IN A STUPOR SUCH AS WE KNOW VAMPIRES CAN PRODUCE. WITH DRACULA GONE HE WILL SOON AWAKE!

POOR MINA. DO YOU THINK THAT HE...



YES! SEE THE MARKS OF HIS TEETH ON HER THROAT! SHE IS IN HIS POWER! ONLY THE DESTRUCTION OF DRACULA CAN SAVE HER...OR, IF SHE DIES, THE SAME TREATMENT WE GAVE LUCY!



AT THE FIRST SIGN OF COMING DAYLIGHT WE MADE OUR WAY TO CARFAX MAHON AND ENTERED THE DESERTED HOUSE...

WHAT WE SEARCH FOR WILL BE DOWN BELOW IN THE FAMILY VAULT. HAVE YOU ALL GOT YOUR CRUCIFIXES AND YOUR WREATHS?

YES, LET US GO DOWN!



DOWN INTO THE STINKING, CRUMBLING CRYPT WE WENT, STRANGE SHADOWS FROM THE RAYS OF OUR LAMPS ENVELOPING US...

UGH! THE SMELL OF DECAY IS SICKENING! I CAN'T BREATHE!

FORGET IT! WE MUST SEARCH THE COFFINS FOR THE COUNT! IT IS TIME FOR HIM TO REST!



HE'S NOT IN THIS ONE!



THE OTHERS, QUICKLY!

ONE BY ONE WE OPENED THE CASKETS OF THE DEAD, BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE COUNT. WE WERE READY TO GIVE UP WHEN...

HE'S NOT HERE EITHER! DO YOU SUPPOSE WE HAVE MADE A MISTAKE?

LOOK! OVER THERE!



SEE! THIS IS WHERE A CASKET STOOD UNTIL VERY RECENTLY. THERE IS NO DUST ON THE FLOOR!

AND THOSE FOOTPRINTS LEADING TO THE STAIRS. HE HAS BEATEN US AGAIN! HE IS GONE!



AS WE STOOD STARING AT THE SPOT WHERE DRACULA'S COFFIN HAD STOOD THERE WAS A STRANGE NOISE FROM THE WALLS AND...

THAT SQUEAKING! LISTEN!

RATS!



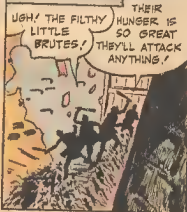
HUNDREDS OF THEM!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT HERE OR THEY'LL EAT US ALIVE! TO THE STAIRS, QUICK!



AS WE BACKED UP THOSE STAIRS THEY SEEMED TO BE EVERYWHERE, THEIR DARK BODIES AND BALEFUL EYES GLEAMING IN THE LIGHT OF THE LANTERNS...

THEIR UGH! THE FILTHY HUNGER IS LITTLE BRUTES! SO GREAT THEY'LL ATTACK ANYTHING!



WHAT A HORRID SIGHT! I'LL NEVER FORGET IT! LET US GO AS LONG AS I LIVE!

BACK TO THE HOUSE! WE MUST MAKE PLANS TO SAVE MINA FROM THE COUNT!



ONCE AGAIN WE ALL MET AND MINA TOLD US THE DREADFUL DETAILS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE...

I AWOKED TO FIND THE MOONLIGHT STREAMING IN THE WINDOW. IN THE ROOM WAS A STRANGE WHITE MIST. I FELT A STRANGE FEELING OF TERROR!



AS I STARED AT THE MIST IT BEGAN TO TAKE FORM...

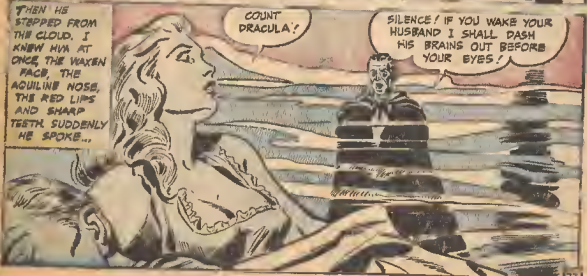
IT MUST BE A NIGHTMARE! I'M DREAMING...



THEN HE STEPPED FROM THE CLOUD. I KNEW HIM AT ONCE, THE WAXEN FACE, THE AQUILINE NOSE, THE RED LIPS AND SHARP TEETH. SUDDENLY HE SPOKE...

COUNT DRACULA!

SILENCE! IF YOU WAKE YOUR HUSBAND I SHALL DASH HIS BRAINS OUT BEFORE YOUR EYES!



THEN WITH A ROCKING SMILE HE PLACED A HAND ON MY SHOULDER AND PULLED ME TO HIM...

FIRST, A LITTLE REFRESHMENT TO REWARD MY EXERTIONS! IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE YOU WILL BE QUIET...

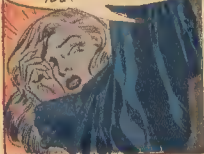


I COULD DO NOTHING. I WAS POWERLESS AS HE PLACED HIS REEKING LIPS TO MY THROAT AND DRANK...



WHEN HE WAS DONE HE SPOKE AGAIN...

NOW YOU ARE MINE, BLOOD OF MY BLOOD, KIN OF MY KIN, NOW SHALL YOU COME TO MY CALL WHEN I WANT YOU!



THAT IS ALL I REMEMBER UNTIL YOU SAVE ME! DONT WORRY WE SHALL SAVE YOU. YOU WILL NOT GO UN- AVENGED!



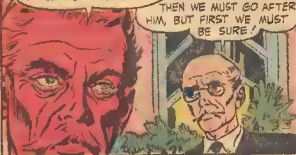
MY POOR MINA!

WE HAVE THIS IN OUR FAVOR-- HE IS AFRAID OF US! HE IS ON THE RUN! WE MUST FOLLOW HIM AND MAKE SURE HE DOES NOT ELUDE US AGAIN!



BUT HOW, WHERE? WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

I HAVE STUDIED OVER AND OVER AGAIN ALL THE INFORMATION WE HAVE ABOUT THE COUNT AND OTHER VAMPIRES! I BELIEVE HE HAS GONE BACK TO CASTLE DRACULA!

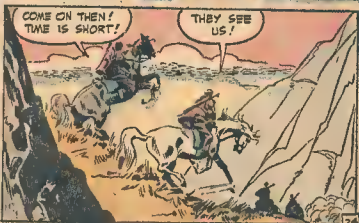
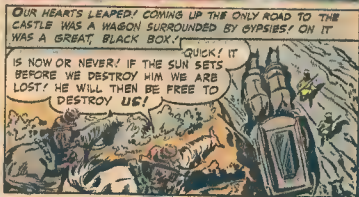
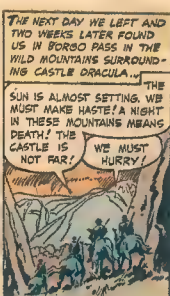


THEN WE MUST GO AFTER HIM, BUT FIRST WE MUST BE SURE!

THAT VERY DAY WE BEGAN OUR ENQUIRIES. HOLMWOOD WENT TO LONDON AND WHEN HE RETURNED...

I HAVE NEWS! VAN HELSING WAS RIGHT! DRACULA IS ON HIS WAY HOME! GOOD WORK! HOW DID YOU FIND OUT?





A MOMENT LATER, OUR GUNS READY, WE FACED THE GYPSIES...

WHAT IS IT YOU WISH, SIRS?

WE HAVE NO BUSINESS WITH YOU! OUR BUSINESS IS WITH THE WHO LIES IN THAT BOX!

YOU SHALL NOT HAVE HIM!

STAND ASIDE OR WE SHOOT!

FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS AN IMPASSE AS THE SUN SLOWLY SETTLED IN THE REDDENED SKY THEN QUINCY SPURRED HIS HORSE...

THROUGH THEM! THE SUN SETS!

GET BACK! GET BACK!

ON THE WAGON! QUICK!

JUST HOLD THEM OFF TILL OUR WORK IS DONE!

AS THE OTHERS BATTLED THE GYPSIES VAN HELSING AND I TORE THE COVER FROM THE BOX! THERE LAY COUNT DRACULA!

WE HAVE HIM! THE STAKE!

WE HAVE BUT A MOMENT! HURRY!

THEN, AS THE LAST RAYS OF THE SUN GLITTERED ON THE BARREN HILLS VAN HELSING DID WHAT HE HAD COME TO DO!

YOUR TIME HAS COME!

EEAAH

VAN HELSING STRAIGHTENED AND, AS IF BY A MIRACLE THE WHOLE BODY CRUMBLED INTO DUST AND PASSED FROM OUR SIGHT. OUR JOB WAS DONE!

FLEE! FLEE! HE IS DEAD!

GOD BE THANKED!

NOTE IN DR. SEWARD'S JOURNAL WRITTEN SOME YEARS LATER: IT IS A LONG TIME SINCE THESE TROUBLED EVENTS TOOK PLACE, AND AS I READ THESE PAPERS ONCE AGAIN EVEN I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THESE HORRORS REALLY CAME TO PASS!